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Confucius and his Disciples.

CHINESE SKETCHES.

It is essential in forming a just estimate of the character and habits of a nation to be conversant with their government and laws. And no country affords a more striking example of the truth of this remark than China. The man to whom the Chinese are indebted, more than all others, for their code of religious, civil and social laws, is the celebrated philosopher, Confucius, born in the kingdom of Loo, one of the small sovereignties in the north of China. This event was when the ancient Greek Republics were in all their glory, and Rome was just beginning to rise into power and greatness. The Greeks and Romans, however, knew little or nothing of China, nor did the Chinese imagine there was any great empire in the world beside their own—an opinion they have maintained down to the present times. Before speaking of the government of China, we will devote a chapter to the history of her great law-giver.

Confucius lived between five and six hundred years before our Saviour appeared upon earth, and was contemporary with Solon, the lawgiver of Athens. He was the son of the chief minister at the court of the king of Loo, and was himself of royal descent. Being of a studious disposition, he had no taste for the sports of youth, but devoted even the hours of recreation to reading the ancient books, and storing his mind with the wise maxims contained therein, so that at an early age he had made great progress in the learning of the times. He married when only nineteen, and had one son; but soon finding that a matrimonial life opposed many obstacles to the pursuit of his studies, he divorced his wife, and turned his whole mind toward framing a perfect system of government, founded on the works of the ancient sages. It is mentioned by Chinese historians, that he had only one wife; we may, therefore, infer that, in his time, the laws of China permitted the practice of polygamy. The talents and virtues of this great man caused him to be appointed one of the chief magistrates of his native country, the kingdom of Loo, in which capacity he had sufficient opportunities for observing that the people in general were in the habit of breaking the laws with impunity, of acting dishonestly toward each other, and were altogether guilty of so many vices, in consequence of the negligence of their rulers, that a complete reformation was necessary throughout the country.

This important change he was desirous of promoting, by both instruction and example, with which view he made a progress through the different states, giving public lectures on the benefit of virtue and social order, which produced such good effects that in a short time he was at the head of about three thousand disciples, who were converts to his doctrines, and practised the rules he laid down for their conduct. His fame increased with his years, and at length the king of Loo appointed him chief minister, and for a long time he was engaged in affairs of government. It is said that while he continued in power, justice was so well administered that if gold or jewels were dropped on the highway, they would remain untouched until the rightful owner appeared to claim them. But a similar story is told of

Alfred the Great, Robert duke of Normandy, and others, and it may be considered as only a figurative mode of depicting the extreme good order that was preserved in the state. At length the philosopher, finding that all his efforts to produce information at the court were unsuccessful, voluntarily resigned his dignity, and devoted himself, with a few chosen friends, to the study of philosophy, and the composition of those works which have rendered his name immortal, and the precepts of which, like those of the Koran of Mohammed, even to this day, regulate both the government and the religion of the state. The books of Confucius, which are studied by the Chinese as sacred volumes, teach them that the true principles of virtue and social order are, obedience to parents, elders, and rulers; and the acting toward others as they would wish that others should act toward them. In the works of this great moralist, the duties of the sovereign are as strictly laid down as those of his subjects; and while they are enjoined to obey him as a father, he is exhorted to take care of them as though they were his children. There was nothing new in this patriarchal system of government, which had existed from the very beginning of the monarchy; but it was brought into a more perfect form, and the mutual obligations of princes and people were more clearly defined, than had ever been before. But it was not only on the government of the empire collectively that this celebrated teacher bestowed his attention; he also made laws for private families, founded on the same principle of obedience from the younger to the elder, and submission from the inferior to the superior. Indeed, all classes of persons, including even young children, were instructed in the duties of their several stations by this highly-gifted individual, who employed all the energies of his mighty mind for the benefit of mankind.

The writings of Confucius are chiefly on the subject of moral philosophy; but there are among them two books which may be considered historical, the one relating to his own, and the other to more ancient times. From the former is gathered all that is known of the state of the country at that period; but the latter is regarded more as traditional than as historical, as it is supposed to be merely a collection and arrangement of the records kept at the courts of the early monarchs by their historians. This work is entitled the Shoo King, and there is another called the Shi King, containing all the ancient poems and songs of the country, which, it is recorded, used to be sung or recited before the emperors. It may, therefore, be imagined, that there were bards among the Chinese in those olden times, who celebrated in verse the great and good actions of their heroes and sages. These traditional poems were collected and revised by Confucius, who formed them into a volume, which is still one of the standard works of the Chinese, and must be studied by all who aspire to preferment, as it forms the subject of a part of their examination ere they can be admitted as candidates for any high office. The same great man formed into a code of laws all the ancient observances, in both public and private life, being of opinion that the preservation of order

in a state depended much upon the outward forms of society in general. This code, which is called the "Book of Rites," entirely regulates and governs the manners and customs of the whole community, from the emperor to the most obscure of his subjects; and as it has maintained its influence from that time to the present, we may readily account for the little change which has taken place in the habits of the people. The study of this book constitutes an important branch of the education of every Chinese, and is, in fact, a part of his religion. Confucius died at the age of seventy-three, having spent the whole of his long life in the practice and teaching of virtue. His descendants, who are very numerous, are the only persons who enjoy the dignity of mandarins by inheritance, and they are also exempt from taxes, and have many other privileges on account of their great ancestor.

The Spirit Bird.

BY SAMUEL L. HARRISON.

Where thoughts' magnificence, stately glides
And evergreens with their gay gales
Of the young heart's sweet love
Of affection's violet fringed valley.

A spirit bird builds its nest 'neath
Flowers of love and purity,
And sings the sweet, soul stirring song
Of a blissful family.

When fortune frowns and friends forsake,
And joy hath turned to bitter woes,
And the poor heart weeps in silent tears,
For the dream of a fading love.

Which hath taken wings and flown,
To some again, ah! never more—
Then this bird will sing of the days
Of happiness that's yet in store.

'Twill tell how clouds will pass away,
And the stars peep forth one by one;
And how through cold Labrador's night
Will burst the morning's golden sun.

'Twill sing of pleasures yet to be,
Of springtime's bright joyous flowers,
And softly, sweetly whispering love,
'Twill be gentle unto whiter hours.

ELMWOOD;

OR,

NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY M. A. CAMPBELL.

It was a cold, blustering night. The wind blew exactly from the North, and was rapidly dispelling the heavy masses of dark, stormy clouds that had all day lowered about the horizon. A clear sky was now and then visible through the vapory cohorts so suddenly put to flight by their armed and invisible foe. While here and there a bright, cold star came out and twinkled complacently on the scene below. Twinkled wonderingly on the endless forest of tall, dark pines and sturdy oaks that swayed to and fro in the strong, fierce breath of the bold invader; twinkled curiously on the sluggish, turbid waters of a hoarsely flowing river, whose murky depths gave back no answering gleam to the luminous gaze; twinkled, too, on broad fields which, but a few weeks before, were white with the snowy bloom of the cotton plant,—but now, robbed of their beautiful harvest by the busy fingers of happy slaves, were lying sombre and sad in the pale starlight as if mourning their lost treasures. How pitifully and lovingly the star twinkled on the poor, dismantled acres. Then it twinkled softly on a comfortable homestead that lay just beyond the fields on the bank of the murky river.

How long it would have twinkled there, and on what pleasant scenes its bright eyes might have rested we cannot tell, but we know that just then a black cloud swept between earth and the star, shutting out the beautiful view from below, and veiling the light of the heavenly gazer; just as some black-winged sorrow has, once in every life, come suddenly between happy heart and its fair, pictured future, shrouding in gloom the light and love of a joyous spirit.

But the home on which the star twinkled, is it not that, rather than the fierce night, of which we were to tell you, reader? Altons then.

That of which we speak was one of the many beautiful residences to be seen at intervals along the banks of the Savannah, and which, with the fertile and highly cultivated lands

that surround them, are the possessions of wealthy Georgia and Carolina planters, who usually spend their Summers there and with the approach of Winter, return to the gay and fashionable circles of Charleston and Savannah. Still we find now and then a family who preferring the quiet, retired life to the enjoyment of which a country home is so conducive, spend the entire year on their plantation, the pleasant monotony being only interrupted by an occasional visit to the nearest city, or perhaps a few weeks' stay, during the Summer months, at some Northern watering place. To this class of planters belonged Mr. Markham, the owner of the broad fields and occupant of the comfortable dwelling before mentioned.

A quarter of a century previous to the time of which we write, by the death of his father, Charles Markham found himself, at the age of one and twenty, the rightful heir to a handsome fortune, of which lands and negroes constituted the most valuable portion. A year subsequent to his accession to this inheritance, he met, during a visit to Charleston, the daughter of a French refugee—a young and lovely girl, whose only dower was a cultivated intellect and exquisite beauty of form and face. With a thoughtlessness that would have shocked the more considerate and speculative young men of our day, the young planter was soon after united in marriage to the penniless stranger, and went to reside in the very house from which the light gleamed on the night alluded to.

In this pleasant seclusion, the years glided happily away, and it was not until the wife of his youth, still fair and beautiful, was laid in the family burial ground, that Charles Markham knew real sorrow.

Time, however, subdued, if it did not efface his grief, and in the graceful form and lovely face of his daughter, who bore her mother's sweet name of Isabelle, the daily traced the delicate beauty of her whom he had so early lost.

Undisturbed by those cares and passions which so soon leave their impress on the fairest brow, Mr. Markham at the age of forty was comparatively a young and handsome man. A few silver threads gleamed here and there in his dark hair, but his form was still as graceful, his eye as brilliant and his smile as charming, as when, in his earlier years, he won the affections of Isabelle Doré. Still, he remained true to her memory, for he shrunk from the thought of bringing his child a second mother; so devoting himself to the education of his daughter—to his books, and to the affairs of his plantation, he led, in the beautiful shades of Elmwood, a life of undisturbed repose.

Having promised this much of Mr. Markham's early life, we will look in upon him, on that January night. The room in which he sat was warm and bright and cheery. There was a cosy glow on the dark folds of the heavy curtains, and on the rich antique furniture. Rude old fiddles rattled in vain at the closely drawn blinds and then, like a mischievous boy, went whistling round the corner to conceal his disappointment at not being admitted.

Despite the pleasantness of the scene within, Mr. Markham's face wore a troubled look, as reclining in his easy chair which he had drawn within a shadow near the fireplace, he gazed into the glowing coals before him. Isabelle sat near, seemingly engaged on a piece of delicate embroidery, but ever and anon glancing at her father with a look of anxious care on her fair countenance.

The scene in the kitchen, where supper was in progress, presented a striking contrast.

Aunt Charity, the presiding genius of the culinary department, had evidently lost her usual equanimity of temper, and just then, if we might judge from the manner in which she was at intervals, pouring out the vials of her wrath on some unfortunate head—was not the most perfect personification in the world of that commendable virtue from which she takes her name. The result of this unusual outbreak on Aunt Charity's part, was a corresponding hilarity on the part of the other occupants of the kitchen who, performing various insignificant duties, were assembled about the fire, talking and laughing with that joviality of spirit for which the African race is proverbial. On one side of the huge fire-place, Clara, a pretty yellow girl who was Isabelle's favorite attendant, as well as her assistant in various

household affairs—was filling a chamber-lamp, apparently in much haste, but in reality engaged in a desperate flirtation with the carriage driver—a good looking young mulatto, who rejoiced in the illustrious title of Caesar; while Clara filled the lamp he worked industriously on a broken bridle, but found, notwithstanding, ample time to bestow frequent admiring glances on la belle Clara. In the corner opposite them, on a low stool, sat Uncle John, a gray-haired old man who occasionally built fires in the house, but whose chief and favorite employment was to make brooms and mats and baskets for the cotton-pickers. In the manufacture of one of the last mentioned articles he was now engaged, and chewing vigorously on his tobacco, he wore with rapid and ingenious fingers the long white oaken splits into the desired form. Now and then he ventured to suggest to the irritated Aunt Charity, the propriety of abating her anger, but this only evoked a fresh torrent.

"Now you hush up, sah," said the old woman in reply to one of his consoling remarks. "You don't know nothin' 'bout what it is to hab ongrateful children! When I tell dat good-for-nothin' Bill to make on dis fire outen hick'ry so I could hab coals to toast dis here light bread for Miss Belle's tea, de young rascal and de impudence to make it outen wet black juck, jes' case de want no hick'ry cut and he too lazy to lift de ax. Now de scape-goat down yonder at Dinah's house, scrapin' on dat ole fiddle, hard as eber he can, and he got to hab de mortification to send Miss Belle word I couldn't make no toast, and dat fore Master, too," muttered she, turning the waffle-irons with a jerk.

"Well, well, Aunt Charity," put in old John soothingly, "he'll out grow dem ways bimely."

"Out grow em?" returned she as if astonished at the folly of Uncle John's speech—"out grow 'em! dey'll hab to be beat outen him—dats de only way he'll git shut of 'em—and ef Mr. Jones (the overseer) don't take him in han' soon, I will—see ef I don't—he'll catch it sure. Pity he ain't like dem poor black folks at de north—hav to work for every mouful—guess he no git time to fiddle den—wish some dem abolitionists came and steal him case he ain't no use to no boddy—jist eatin up master's vittals—the wilyan!" added she, carefully opening the oven in which she had deposited a goodly number of snowy biscuits, some half an hour previous—"Here Clara," she called, as she took them out one by one, all beautifully "browned," and laid them carefully, on the white plate—"tote in dese biscuits and waffles—spec dey all be cold fore you git dere now—git out some dem sunch preserves—and mind tell Miss Belle 'bout de toast"—continued aunt Charity when Clara returned—"and den you quit dat snickerin fore you goes to wait on de white folks—foolish thing!"—and relieved from further care about the supper, though still dwelling mentally, on the enormity of "Bill's" offense, she seated herself with an injured air that was very much out of keeping with her good-natured face.

"Come father, tea is ready," said Isabelle, when Clara had placed the urn on the table, and stealing up behind his chair, she put back the clustering locks from his forehead and kissed him tenderly.

"Yes—Belle—darling"—said he looking up with a bright smile that had suddenly lit up his face, and rising he took his seat at the table.

Standing behind her young mistress, Clara, fearful of Aunt Charity's wrath, took the first opportunity to whisper the message about the "toas"—and to which Isabelle responded by an inclination of her pretty head and to "tell auntie it made no difference."

After the tea-things were removed and Clara had returned to the kitchen to renew her flirtation with Caesar, Mr. Markham drew his chair near the hearth and said, carelessly—

"Belle, my dear, you have heard me speak of Harry Thornley—a classmate of mine at Yale? Well—I had a letter from him to-day, in which he says that his eldest son, Willard, is now travelling South and will make it convenient to spend a week or two with us. So I presume we may expect him soon—in a few days—in fact—you have no objection to the arrangement, Isabelle? If Willard is as good-looking and talented as his father was when we read Horace together, his presence will prove quite agreeable.

"Indeed, father," returned Isabelle with

animation, "I shall be delighted to have him come, if for no other reason than because he is the son of your friend."

"Thank you, dear," said her father—"but," he continued, while a smile played about his lips, "you must be careful not to entrap the young stranger with those eyes of yours.—I must see Mr. Jones to-night about the ginning—things have gone badly during my absence, so good night," and kissing her affectionately Mr. Markham went out, leaving the young girl to her own reflections, which, we've no doubt, were of a pleasing nature, for a smile flitted over her face as she sat, gazing into the roaring fire.

Visitors at Elmwood were few, consequently the coming of the one alluded to caused Isabelle some little thought. As mistress of her father's house, she deemed it necessary to make some preparation for the expected guest and the result was that Aunt Charity and Clara were summoned to receive various orders for the following day, all of which were promptly executed under the supervision of Isabelle herself.

In due time young Thornley came and was warmly welcomed by Mr. Markham, who saw in the handsome, open face and winning manners of the young man much that reminded him of his old friend. Isabelle received him with characteristic grace and courtesy, and he was soon at ease in the home of his father's friend.

Both Isabelle and her father sought to make his stay as pleasant as possible and during the bright, cold mornings, Mr. Markham conducted him over his plantation, while the evenings were usually spent in Isabelle's society. It was not long before these evenings became a source of pleasure to all, and to none more than to Isabelle, who was forced to acknowledge to herself that Willard Thornley was an agreeable companion. If he conversed, it was always on some interesting topic from which she was sure to gain information; if he read, it was from some favorite volume in a voice that disclosed new beauties—then she rode sometimes, and he was a fine equestrian and so accompanied her. Thus she found his presence a most happy interruption in the usual monotony of Elmwood. And Willard—need we say that in the presence of Isabelle there was for him a charm to which he gradually yielded—a "sweet enthrallment" to which he soon became a willing captive—that in the light of her beautiful eyes and the soft tones of her gentle voice, there lurked a spell from the seductive influence of which there was no escape? Week after week stole away—every day he resolved to leave Elmwood on the morrow, and when the morrow came it found him still enchained by that "mysterious power" which he was unable to resist.

To Mr. Markham's observing eye, this state of affairs was soon evident and while he felt that Willard Thornley might be in every respect, worthy of his daughter's hand, he could but see that, nurtured as the former had been, in a climate where the institutions of the South are viewed with horror and repugnance, a union with Isabelle, in whose mind southern views and principles had come to be a second nature, would never be productive of happiness.

It was therefore with a feeling of relief that he heard Willard, at the expiration of several weeks, state his intention of returning home immediately, a letter from his father in relation to some business arrangements, having hastened his departure.

This announcement was to Isabelle a cause of deeper regret than she was willing to confess, even to herself, and although, with a delicacy that rendered him the nobler in her eyes, he had, by no word conveyed to her his sentiments, yet with her woman's delicacy of perception and quick intuition, she felt that Willard Thornley's happiness was in her hands. On the morning of his departure, young Thornley sought Mr. Markham in his study to make known his regard for Isabelle, and to ask permission to address her.

"I know what you would ask, my young friend," said Mr. Markham, interrupting him ere he had half-concluded—"I have foreseen the termination of this affair some time, and can but regret it, deeply and sincerely. I know what you would tell me—that you are led captive by my pretty Isabelle's eyes, and that she in her turn lends an unwilling ear to the wooing of Harry Thornley's handsome son."

"Believe me, sir," interrupted the young man proudly, "I have not spoken to your daughter of my feelings in this respect—the courtesy due you, sir, while a guest in your house."

"Enough, Willard, my boy—enough! I fully appreciate your delicacy, and hope that you will yet, some day have the happiness of winning her at Elmwood, for I will tell you frankly that I have seen no one to whom I would more willingly entrust my child's future than to yourself. But there are, at present, obstacles which effectually preclude the possibility of such an arrangement." "You cannot, I am sure, Mr. Thornley," continued the planter with more of dignity in his manner than had yet been apparent, "fully understand my feelings in this matter, nor can you see why the reasons I give should be a barrier to your union with my child."

"It is needless for me to say to you, that in the strife which have for so many years threatened to dissolve the political relations existing between the North and South, I have been a close and anxious observer of every movement on either side, at the same time adhering to the interests of my own section; nor is it necessary for me to say that the 'peculiar institutions' of the South have given rise

to these sectional dissensions, the cessation of which will only be effected by the consummation of what so many able statesmen have long predicted—the final separation of the two divisions.

"Coming, as you do, from the very centre and stronghold of the most violent opposition to the South, it is but natural that you should entertain to a great degree, the prejudices of your countrymen. Perhaps you have not thought of this—are not even aware how strong a hold these opinions have upon you, but I have seen and marked with pain, the feelings you have evinced on this subject. Isabelle, who has known from infancy, the love and care of devoted servants, could never be happy with one who—pardon me if I speak plainly—feels slavery to be a dangerous and forbidden institution. You could not so far sacrifice your convictions as to make your home in the midst of slave-holders and, she could never bear to leave her native clime and these faithful negroes who have cared for and loved her since infancy. My delicate flower would soon pine in your cold, uncongenial home, amid strangers who could not sympathize with her.

"Am I not right, Willard?" said Mr. Markham taking the young man's hand and looking kindly in his thoughtful face.

"You are, sir, I must admit," replied he,—"but if by actual experience and observation I should eventually change my views on this subject and become one of you, both in action and principle, would you then be willing to entrust your daughter's happiness to my keeping, provided I might win her consent?"

"Then Willard," said Mr. Markham with emotion—"I should require no farther sacrifice to render you worthy of my child. She is my only one. Willard, the only earthly tie between her sainted mother and me, and none but myself can know how dear she is to me. You do not blame me for manifesting this anxiety concerning the most important era in her life?" "On the contrary," responded young Thornley, "I cannot thank you sir, sufficiently for giving me reason to believe that I may eventually become worthy of her. You will hear from me" continued he, "whenever I can, conscientiously, comply with the promise I have made," and he turned to leave the room.

"You may see Isabelle," said Mr. Markham as the young man bade him good-bye—"appraise her of what has passed between us and if she speaks encouragingly, I shall not fear a protracted separation," and leaving him to go in search of her, Mr. Markham mounted his horse and set out on his usual morning ride.

From the hopeful smile that rested on Willard Thornley's face as he bade Isabelle adieu after the interview granted by her father, it is to be presumed that she did not send him away comfortless, and when she met her father that evening in the pleasant sitting-room, she looked quite as happy as usual. Mr. Markham drew her to him as she entered and kissed her affectionately. "So it has been as I predicted," said he, smoothing her hair tenderly—"I feared Willard could not long withstand the witchery of my Belle's bright eyes! Never mind, dear, he'll come back in a year or two, effectually cured of his absurd ideas about negroes—he's a fine fellow and if it had not been for that, he should not have gone away looking quite so sad; but when he returns so far converted as to be willing to accept a few negroes, and spend the remainder of his days in our own sunny South—why then, perhaps I'll let him have my bird, though it will be a sorrowful day when I give you away, darling even to Willard."

The departure of Mr. Thornley gave rise to quite an animated conversation that night among the occupants of the kitchen as they sat at supper.

"He look mighty bad when I let him at de landin'," said Caesar—"I spec maybe Miss Belle been doin' like some older young ladies I've hearn tell of," continued he, giving a droll, woe-begone look toward Clara who sat opposite—"wouldn't tell de gentleman whether she hab him or no?"

"Miss Belle wouldn't do no sich thing!" chimed in Aunt Charity from the head of the table—"more like massa wouldn't let her hab him case he was a furrier—to-night when I went to ax her for de keys to git out breakfast I heerd dem talkin' bout him, and Miss Belle, she gin to cry right strait. I wish he hab'd come 'tall if she gwine to spile her putty eyes takin' on 'bout him," and having delivered this opinion the kind hearted old creature poured out another cup of coffee for herself, and continued her supper as if she vastly relished the eatables. Then uncle John told how when he "toted" in wood the evening before young Thornley went away, "he was readin' to Miss Belle, and she was listen with her bright head down and a tear in her eye." "I said den, to myself," continued the old man, "ao good gwine to come from dat, and sure enuff de haint."

So Willard Thornley was gone, and to a casual observer the domestic atmosphere of Elmwood was as happy and undisturbed as when we first looked in upon them. Isabelle still attended to her household duties—sewing in the day and reading and singing to her father in the evenings—occasionally accompanying him in his morning rides, and seemingly as cheerful as ever. But when a year passed away and still her father had no tidings from Willard, she began to have misgivings. At last a letter came to Mr. Markham from Mr. Thornley, Willard's father, and after speaking of the increasing troubles between the North and South, he continued—

"By the way, since Willard's visit to you

last winter I find him somewhat changed in his views on the slavery question; indeed I believe he will eventually become a proselyte of yours, for he is now gone to Virginia, to satisfy himself, he says, by actual observation, as to the condition of the negroes."

"There, Belle," said Mr. Markham as he concluded the last paragraph—"you see he is in the right path—we may expect to hear of his buying a plantation and negroes next!" continued he, laughing—"we may expect him in another year at least!"

Isabelle smiled one of her happy smiles and it was a long while before another shadow rested on her beautiful brow.

The following summer passed quietly away. A rich harvest of golden wheat was gathered into the ample storehouse at Elmwood—later, broad fields of waving corn gradually put on the sad hue of autumn and soon huge wagon-loads of shining ears told that the bending stalks had yielded their heavy burden, and then tall pyramids of fodder dotted here and there the fields. Soon, the smooth, green boll of the beautiful cotton-plant began to disclose its snowy treasures, and ere long the happy negroes went singing through the rows gathering into ample baskets the unsullied harvest.

Let us look into the cozy sitting room at Elmwood on this bright November eve. Clara is laying the table, Mr. Markham and Isabelle are seated by the fire.

"Well, Belle!" said the former suddenly, "Willard has really become a convert.—Listen to this," said he reading from a paper in his hand.

"We regret to learn, that among those of our citizens who were wounded while gallantly assisting the troops in subduing the recent insurrection at Harper's Ferry, Willard Thornley, a young and promising lawyer of our town, received a ball in the left arm—nothing serious however."

"If I am not mistaken, the roses will come back to somebody's cheeks soon," said Mr. Markham, endeavoring, but without success, to conceal the pleasure which this paragraph gave him, and at the same time watching the crimson tide that came and went on Isabelle's joyous countenance. "If Willard does not spend Christmas holidays at Elmwood it will be his own fault," and he went immediately to his library.

In the meanwhile Clara made her way to the kitchen, and with distended eyes and various interpolations, related what she had heard relative to "Massa Thornley."

"Harper's Ferry," said Aunt Charity, "dat de very place what Massa tole us bout two or tree weeks ago—where dem mean white men and fool niggers cotted together a whole passel of spikes and muskets and de Lord knows what all, to 'kill all de white folks and poor niggers what could n't help deselves!"

"Yes," said old John, "and bless de Lord, deys done cotted de ring-leader, dat ole Pommawattama Brown, and two o' dem same fool niggers and is gwine to hang em! Mr. Jones say so to-day, and he knows!"

"So young Massa Thornley's comin' back," chimed in Caesar, leaning against the door and playing with a brass chain that dangled from an invisible watch, supposed to be located in the pocket of his dilapidated satin vest.—"Guess he been somers and got rich since he leah."

"How you know he warnt rich when he come before?" queried Clara in a supercilious tone. "Case he come from de North," returned Caesar, "and de people dere does n't hab any colored population—consequently how kin dey raise cotton?" added he triumphantly.

"Don't care," returned Clara, "spec he got nuff money now to buy dozen sich niggers as you is!"

"Well," muttered Aunt Charity, spitefully fanning with a huge turkey wing the coals under the "hoe" on which she was baking a corn cake for her supper—"niggers didn't use to do dat way when I lived in Virginy—guess de gittin' bore deselves—de lazy 'armints!"

We have not been informed, but we think Mr. Markham must have written Willard Thornley a very kind letter soon after the transaction at Harper's Ferry, for when we last heard from Elmwood that young gentleman had arrived—such are the facilities for traveling nowadays!—a little pale perhaps from his recent wound, but looking handsomer, if possible, and happier than on his first visit. The roses on Isabelle's cheeks are brighter than ever, and there is a rumor, that on Christmas Eve, she will become, with the full consent of her father—Mrs. Willard Thornley; moreover, that the "happy pair" are to reside, after a visit North, on the plantation adjoining Mr. Markham's.

Report also adds, as an item of minor importance, that Aunt Charity recently manifests a most astonishing proclivity for accumulating eggs and butter in vast quantities, and that the refractory "Bell," fearful of some restriction during the approaching festivities, has become wonderfully obedient. Finally, that Clara, imitating as nearly as possible the example of her young mistress, has at last yielded to the entreaties of Caesar and is to bestow her hand on that envied youth sometime during the holidays.

So, if the star twinkles on Christmas eve as it did when we first looked in at Elmwood, it will twinkle on a happy homestead.

Blessing, say we, reader, on the land that makes white and black happy!

The idle work and fools reform—to-morrow.

Spruce old—bachelors the ever greens of society.

The Aurora Borealis.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Splendid, majestic, up the shining North-land,
I see to-night a wondrous pageant pass,
While the serene leaflets of the year are lying
Thick on the faded grass:
The night-wind chants a sad tale of misery,
And in the West there rises one faint star,
My soul is like a wanderer lone and dreary,
Watching those lights afar.

I see them flashing o'er the still, gray forest,
And o'er the river pouring down the steep,
While, doted in the shelter of the darkness,
All the day-dreams sleep:
I look up to the sparkling habitations
Where the wild spirits serve their mystic rites,
And on their shrines make wondrous undulations
Of red and golden light.

What do they there? Is it a rhyme of flowers
And cooling fruits in every pathway sown,
Or is it there the pale blue leopards' towers
As in the frozen zone?
And when the midnight north-wind chants its tune,
There do the spirits of the breeze and fire
Make offerings at their shrine and chant wild runes
Too deep for mortal eye!

In vain the curtains of the clouds shut down,
Barred with stars over the watering light,
That glimmering o'er the tree-tops bare and brown
Entranced my wandering sight:
Faded away the illimitable glow,
The shadows closed over the lonely lee,
And the North-wind hoarsely whispered to the shore
The tale I've told to thee!

LITERARY.

BY GEORGE W. COTHRAN.

THE FRENCH AND OTHER POEMS, by M. De Voltaire. Edited by O. W. Wight, A. M. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 407.

This is the second volume of the series of Voltaire's Select Works, now in course of publication by Messrs. Derby & Jackson, as a part of their popular and excellent series of reprints, called "The French Classics." This splendid volume contains *The Henriade*, the best epic by far of which French literature can boast—in fact, the only one which has survived the ravages of time; *The Battle of Fontenoy*, a grand national poem; *Dissertation on Man*, in which and in the *Law of Nature*, which succeeds them, we discover many of Voltaire's best thoughts, expressed in language which no man but Voltaire could command; *The Destruction of Lisbon*, a good poem, written to refute the argument of those who maintained the non-existence of evil; *The Temple of Taste*, containing many fine thoughts, and *The Temple of Friendship*, one of the best poems in the whole volume. On the whole, this is one of the best volumes which has appeared in this series of Classics. We meet the great master of French literature in it with his lyre in his hand, and he sings us a song about man, or the law of nature, unequalled in moral beauty and artistic finish except by Pope.

To speak of the productions of Voltaire in measured terms of praise, in this age, is wholly unnecessary. Every student of the world's literature is more or less conversant with them. He was one of the great masters of French literature; and his works suffer nothing by the lapse of time—I mean his works aside from those containing his views upon religious subjects. The moral painting in the volume before me is rarely excelled, and holds up the author in a very favorable light. Voltaire was a man of genius and talent. He could write almost anything, and in almost any conceivable manner. He could write a treatise opposed to the Christian religion, and then turn round and write the most beautiful moral essay in the French language. The great versatility of his talents has been the subject of remark ever since he wrote. Without a knowledge of his works, a knowledge of French literature is very incomplete indeed. While we may condemn his irreligious views we cannot but admire his historical, dramatic and poetical compositions, as well as his essays. But it will be borne in mind that this series will embrace nothing but those of his works which are unexceptionable to all classes of readers; and we know of none of his works which will be read with greater avidity than this volume. It is beautifully published, and should be possessed by every one who would know of the poetical merits of this celebrated man.

THE MARTYRS, by M. De Chateaubriand. A revised edition, edited by O. W. Wight, A. M. New York: Derby & Jackson.

We have here the first volume of the works of M. De Chateaubriand, as constituting a part of "The Standard French Classics," now in course of publication by Messrs. Derby & Jackson. For the first time this celebrated work appears in an English dress, complete. In this edition will be found the entire work, carefully translated; and we hail our old companion with feelings of joy at seeing it so faithfully rendered into English. "The Martyrs" is a very able book, and earned a great success in France at the time of its publication. Its popularity has not abated by the lapse of half a century. It is a classic in French literature, and very deservedly so. It is one of the corner-stones upon which the literary fame of its eminent author reposes.

When more of Chateaubriand's works appear I shall resume the subject and write a review at length of him and his works. In the meantime I would commend "The Martyrs" to your readers. The labors of the editor should not be overlooked; they have been great, but have been performed with fidelity. Mr. Wight is acquiring a permanent fame by editing this splendid series of "French Classics," and the publishers are deserving well of their countrymen in producing this excellent series. They have met with great success so far, and will continue the series until we have

a convenient library edition of the best books by the best French authors.

DEBARI, by Augusta J. Evans. New York: Derby & Jackson.

I have read an almost endless number of works of fiction, ranging from the days of Fielding, the father of the English novel, to the present time, and I am free to say that I have never read a novel in which I became more deeply interested than I did in "Debari;" and I know not when I have met with so good an one as this. "Debari" will become classic in American literature. It is a book that has both life and a love in it; and no person who entertains a feeling in common with frail humanity can read it unmoved by its deep-acted pathos. It appeals to men's better nature, and its appeals will invariably meet with a hearty response. In the grand picturesqueness of its descriptions of characters and scenes in the South; in its careful analysis of character, and in the spiritual beauty which pervades it everywhere, I think it unequalled by anything that woman ever wrote. It is unquestionably the best American novel which has been produced during many years. The author, Miss Evans, of Mobile, has been a constant reader of Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Kingsey, Goethe and Poe, and has concentrated much of the eloquence and many of the beauties of this brilliant coterie, in *Debari*. She has produced a novel which will be read not only for the sake of the story, but like the "Zorine" of Madame De Staël, for its literary and artistic merits. It has proved a complete success—a sure indication that there is merit in it. Read *Debari* if you desire to read a really excellent work of fiction.

CAROLINA STORIES by Land and Water; including Incidents of Deer-Fishing, Wildcat, Deer and Bear hunting, &c. By the Hon. Wm. Elliott, of South Carolina. With six illustrations. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The Hon. Wm. Elliott has written a very readable book, a book filled with humor, sound advice and good sense. He starts off with the axiomatic proposition that man requires relaxation from business in order to enjoy either health or life; and he sets forth clearly and humorously the benefits and advantages of fishing and hunting. There certainly is no better species of relaxation than these, particularly where such rare sport is to be enjoyed as the author of this charming volume and his companions enjoyed. The author is a gentleman of South Carolina; and he has written of the sports of his own State and its coast. How I envy him the capital sports which he has had, and how I should love to have been "counted in" in some of the exercises of which he speaks. This book is just the thing to drive away dull care and cause a pleasant smile to surmount the reader's countenance. The adventures are full of incident and interest, and the style of narration is easy and familiar. As we read it we feel as though Burns was sadly in error when he wrote, "Man was made to mourn," and that quite the reverse is the truth. It makes us feel gay and like a modern Nimrod. Get the book—which is beautifully published—and read it, and you will say it is one of the richest things you ever read.

Paragraphs.

Chief Justice Taney is again seriously ill.

Col. Colt has invented a revolving shot gun.

The loss in New Orleans by fire during the past year is estimated at \$1,750,000.

Professor Wilson and a young lady made an ascension lately, from Tusculum, Ala., in a balloon filled with smoke.

The Mississippi Legislature adjourned on the 15th ult., to meet again on 16th instant.

Thomas DeQuincy, author of "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," died on the 8th ult., at Edinburgh.

A cannon was cast at Pittsburg on the 23rd ult., which weighs 35 tons; guess it takes a "perfect team" to draw it.

The statue of Henry Clay has reached New Orleans, and after the 25th of April next will grace Canal Street, of that city.

Andrew Thompson, of Feasterville, S. C., committed suicide by cutting his throat, on Monday, the 29th ult.

The conditional subscription of \$150,000 to the Southern Pacific Railroad has been effected in the city of Louisville.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY.

The Secretary of the Navy, in view of the already extensive establishments at Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk, and the present condition of the Treasury, does not deem it expedient to establish in North Carolina shops for the construction of engines, boilers, &c., for naval vessels.

ACCIDENT AT EMORY & HENRY.

On Friday night 30th Dec., as a student by the name of Cason, of Yazoo City, Miss., was attempting to get on the train, he slipped and fell between the train and platform, and the cars being in motion, he was very seriously injured, and, for a time, was supposed to be dead. We are glad to hear that the young man is better, and that hopes are entertained of his recovery.

An Irish soldier, boasting of his great courage, was reminded that he ran away in battle.—Faith, says Pat, me heart is bowld as a lion—so it is; but I happened to have a pair of cowardly legs, which always run away wid me body whin I'd be after the inimy, bad luck to them!

Times' Correspondence.

RALEIGH, N. C., January 2, 1860.
Another New Year—A striking instance of "Yuletide"—The Exciting Question of the day—Rail Road Accident—New Year's day and its enjoyments and employments.

Dear Times—The new year dawns upon us, as many of its predecessors have done, freighted with good resolutions, happy aspirations, bright hopes for the future, but, alas! for the vanity of human expectations, before another sun, how many of these gilded visions of goodness and of enjoyment will lie withered and scattered by the breath of disappointment chilled and buried beneath its snows? As we stand at the portal and gaze down the dim vista, how many a long vanished ghost of what we once so loved and cherished rises menacingly before us; shaking its withered finger, it reminds us of the thousand opportunities of improvement we have remorselessly cast away, the friendships we have murdered, the fond hearts we have broken and then points towards that blank, drear future, where all these are heaped up in reserve, when we too shall arrive at that bourn.

For many, indeed for all, the new year presents opportunities for renewed hope, for increased exertions; let none, even the lowliest, despair; while life lasts there may be success, happiness and the brightest rewards; especially to the young does this season call; buckle on your armor, oh! young man, grasp your bright sword and strive "to fight a good fight" "in the world's broad field of battle" and cease not until the priceless crown is within your grasp.

Some of your readers may perhaps recollect that it has often been charged on the officers of the Bank of the State that they were "unaccommodating;" we do not intend to retail the various items of complaint against the officers of the present institution, which are at present afloat, but will merely set before them the facts in a single instance. A few days since a gentleman, who was specially interested in both branches of his inquiry, presumed to address a polite note to the President, asking if the 50 per cent. dividend of the Capital of the Old Bank would be paid in Gold and if the new Bank would allow the Cashier to charge half per cent. as his own perquisites on collections and on Dividends and Interest payable at his counter. The answer to the first inquiry is negative and the President proceeds: "As I do not see how the latter inquiry can concern you, I do not answer it." Had this precious specimen of tart eloquence proceeded from any other source than the accomplished President, we should be tempted to consider it quite impolite, but where all the officers are so clever and conciliating, of course the supposition would be incorrect. We will merely call attention to these facts that while this Stock was paid in Gold or its equivalent and the stock of the new Bank is also to be paid in Gold, the stockholders are paid only in paper and that the half per cent. comes in fact out of the pockets of our merchants here; the Northern merchants charging against them just that much in addition to the Exchange. This explains why North Carolina paper is always at a heavier discount North, than that of our neighbors.

There was some approach to an excitement here, on the rumored arrival of Worth, who had been arrested for seditious practices, in circulating Helper's book, but we cannot believe any portion of our citizens would have attempted insult or violence to a prisoner, already in the hands of the Law. A day or two afterwards a young man charged with like sentiments and actions was brought from a neighboring county, and required by Judge Saunders to give bond for \$2000 for his appearance at Court. The other morning a large parcel of Helper's books passed through here in charge of Adams' Express, directed to High Point; the Company of course, had no option but to forward them and they were put in careful hands; but it seems to us they should exercise more prudence in such matters; much mischief might grow out of this very cause, but we hope your authorities will keep watch and ward in the matter. A new military company composed almost entirely of elderly gentlemen, heads of families, is about to be formed here of 100 men; the list contains the names of most of our men of standing and influence, they are to have uniforms of home manufacture and minnie rifles and their designation will probably be "Silver Grays" or "Home Guards."

There was quite a serious accident on the Raleigh & Gaston Rail Road a few evenings since, the mail train, being behind time, ran against the corner of a freight engine, standing on a turn out, some six miles from here, both engines were considerably damaged and several of the cars badly crushed, but fortunately no one was hurt; the platform, on which the brakeman was standing, was torn into fragments, but he escaped without a bruise.

On Saturday last, about 5 o'clock A. M. a snow storm commenced here, which continued without intermission until night, covering the ground about six inches on the levels and, of course, much deeper in the drifts. This is quite an unusual occurrence here and some of our young folks have not been slow to avail themselves of the windfall; even during the height of the storm the sleighs were flying about, and yesterday too. To-day is the general hiring and selling day; prices range very high: \$100 to \$175 for good field hands, while \$1500 could hardly buy one. The Raleigh & Gaston Rail Road Company got their at about \$130 and the Wilmington & Rutherfordton Railroad Company wanted 500 at \$200 each—besides offering \$2.50 to any one who would

net as agent, for each negro hired. We were glad to see that the good old plan of "New Year's pops" was kept up with spirit; 'tis a delightful and at the same time economical plan of visiting, enabling the gentleman to accomplish a great deal in a short time, as well as giving the fair sex an opportunity of forming, or reforming, their lists of acquaintances for the coming year. So long may it flourish.
Yours &c., P. S. S.

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C., January 9th, 1860.
On the Wing—Bird's eye view of Goldsboro—Items for consideration—Rocky Mount; its surroundings and belongings.

Let it not surprise you, "most potent, grave and reverend seniors," to find your staid correspondent "on the wing;" we have chanced down into this delightful section, seeking whom we may devour, not literally, but figuratively only; though had you seen how earnestly we plied knife and fork at Mrs. Griswold's Hotel, you would have thought that devouring was our special mission. Truth to tell, we came very near a practical demonstration of being "killed by kindness;" such buckwheats, such turkey; well, we can't stop to enumerate; where all was so good particular mention would be invidious. There is only one other place in the State where the inconsiderate traveller need fear a similar fate, and that is "Miss Nancy's" at the "Company's Shops;" she has had so much experience in utilizing the delicate palates of the students that she is hard to beat in the art of catering.

Goldsboro is a very lively little place; it puzzles us exceedingly to imagine how the good folks manage to do any business, there is such a constant excitement kept up at all hours of the day and night, by the arrival and departure of the trains and when two passenger trains arrive at the same time, the uproar is "trumpets!" such a babel of shrieks and whistles from the engines, such a clatter of voices, seeking to drown all other sounds, as the runners from the rival hotels strive to draw you over to their side, it has never been our lot to be in. If a dozen hackmen were only on hand to stick their whips in your faces and scream "carriage?" "carriage?" the scene would be complete. We had the pleasure not long since of meeting the worthy gentleman from whom the town is named, then an engineer engaged on the construction of the W. & W. R. R., now a planter on the Eastern shore of Maryland, residing in a princely mansion and entertaining his guests with the simplicity and hospitality of a true farmer. Almost every train is crowded with darkies, returning from their Christmas frolics or bound South to work on cotton and sugar plantations; many are still left here, waiting for a passage, the trains not being able to accommodate them. They have been sold for almost fabulous prices in this section, a lot of 55 bringing \$85,000 and another large lot averaging over \$1,000 each, all round.

A plain and practical commentary on the proposed non-intercourse between the North and the South is a paragraph we find in the papers to the effect that Col. Colt and another Connecticut gentleman are preparing to establish an Armory at Richmond, to supply the South with revolvers and rifles; the Col. himself was originally a Virginian, but it would be interesting to know if he intends bringing with him any of those workmen, who made Old Brown's pikes, somewhere in the land of notions. Another question on the same subject is: how are those who are determined to buy only of Southern merchants and procure their supplies from them, to know whether the goods are of direct importation and whether they could not buy these identical articles themselves, at the North on better terms, than after passing through second hands, at the South?—One more question and we close our catechism; did not the seceding doctors weaken their friends more than their enemies in Philadelphia? We are glad to learn from a well informed gentleman that our State has now nearly 15,000 able bodied men, enrolled and under arms in volunteer companies and every day adds to their number; well may we reel the sneer attempted to be cast on us in Revolutionary times: "They tell us, sir, we are weak!" We wish to call the attention of the readers of "Harper's Weekly" to a flourishing advertisement contained therein of Helper's infamous book, let them read this and the tale of that vile abolitionist, G. W. Curtis, who attempted to address the Anti-Union meeting in Philadelphia and then take the sheet home to their families and preach "secession and non-intercourse." By the way it is stated that Helper's "Land of Gold" is of itself a complete refutation to the arguments and figures of the "Crisis;" the matter deserves looking after; a judicious circulation of the first might prove an antidote to the last.

This little village, where we now write, owes its vitality to its being a depot of the W. & W. R. R.; it is situated near the Falls of the Taw and boasts a Hotel, the "Roanoke House," and several stores. We are in or near the most productive cotton lands of the State, where the marl beds are very extensive and much used; a man must needs be a good farmer to hold his own here, among a number of highly intelligent and scientific farmers; the fields are rotated and manured with a compost of marl or lime, cotton seed and muck; guano and salt are also much used. The marl beds turn out some extraordinary specimens of the bones and teeth of extinct animals; we have just seen a joint of the vertebra of some mammoth, which must weigh nearly 100 pounds and is some 11 inches across the surface. Near here there is an extraordinary backbone, which

has served for years past as a footbridge across a small branch.

At the Falls, just below the county bridge, are "Battle's Mills" for spinning cotton; this is a very large and complete establishment, using up thousands of bales of cotton, turning them into thread and putting lots of money into the pockets of the enterprising proprietor; they are very worthy a visit at any time.
Yours &c., P. S. S.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1860.
The New Year—New Mayor—State Legislature—Governor's Message, &c.—Statistics—Crime—Hon. W. H. Seward—Governor Morgan—Mayor Wood—Enormous Rent—Central Park—the Speakership—Southern Students, &c.

The New Year came in with icy fingers being one of the coldest of cold days, though clear. Snow, ice and frost were abundant, curtailing very much the annual visits though they were very numerous. Mayor Wood was installed into office on the 3d. Mayor Tieman went out very quietly and honorably. All the heads of departments have reorganized for the year. The State Legislature organized yesterday and elected Mr. Littlejohn, Speaker, and the Republicans elected all their other nominees.

The Governor's Message is lengthy and a fair document—giving full details of public works, expenditures, &c. The School Fund amounted to three and a half million the past year, and is improving all classes of people, the only trouble is in the city, among politicians and Catholics.

The footings at the end of the year show in the city 150 persons drowned; homicides, 29; suicides, 53; inquests, 2,039; policemen, 2,170; expense of police, one and a half millions; arrests by police, 50,440 men, and 34,279 women, all been in prison; children who were lost and restored, 2,876; arrivals from foreign ports, 4,027; county tax, \$3,686,000; three persons were sentenced to be hung, all escaped so far; about a 1,000 who ought to be hung.

Hon. W. H. Seward arrived last week from Europe, and had the honors paid him and a hundred guns, by those who hope to make something out of the Presidential campaign.

Mayor Wood opens with one of his old stereotyped essays on what he thinks and never does. Gov. Morgan gave \$100 to Helper's book, but in his message "backs down" in favor of law and state rights.

The Tract house, and the Beekman Street fires recently, were very disastrous to persons, companies, and the city, throwing thousands out of employment for a time. The new store erected on the old Broadway Theatre is finished and occupied; the rent amounts to the modest sum of \$40,000 a year.

The Central Park is now a great skating ground, there being an average of 5,000 a day on the pond; men, women, children and dogs. Why not fight for the "speakership," a champagne from each side?

That was a good business operation in "Old Virginia" sending funds to Philadelphia students, though it didn't take in New-York not one having left this city. If students would make these resolves before they leave home, and stay there, it would be much more sensible and effective, as well as economical.
Yours truly,
E.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 20th 1859.
Christmas—Sons of Malta—Destructive Fire—Effect on the Northern Union Movement—A Reaction in Southern Sentiments—Supposed Slavery—The Receipt of the Message—Commercial Intelligence—Weather—Business, &c.

"Merric Christmas" has come and gone with all its social gatherings and convivial feasting, with all its pleasing associations and all its hallowed rites. The day was ushered in by a grand mid-night procession of the Sons of Malta. This pageant was of the most unique and imposing description. The knights were mounted and in full armor, with drawn swords and vizors closed. The main body of the procession however was on foot, and numbered between eight and nine hundred men. These were cossacks and were all masked. Three coffins, emblematic of the mortality of our race graced the procession at proper intervals. Quite a number of torches cast their weird glare over the strange scene and innumerable Roman candles poured their fiery contents above the crowd. A full brass band at the head of the procession discoursed grave and solemn music, and along the whole line of march people tumbled precipitately out of their beds to get a glimpse of the hooded Maltese. I learn that according to the calendar of the order, Christmas-eve is celebrated as "the Feast of the seven cardinals."

Scarcely had the good people of our city returned to their slumbers, from witnessing so strange a sight, than one of the most disastrous conflagrations that has taken place here for years broke out on Canal Street, our great thoroughfare. The jewelry establishment of Messrs. Hyde & Goodrich, by far the best known firm of the kind in the Southern States, was completely destroyed, in addition to the large dry-goods House of Benthuyson, Lewis & Co., next door. Hyde & Goodrich's establishment has for years formed the fashionable corner of our City, and the bright picture it presented on Christmas-eve decked in all the splendor of gold silver and gorgeous jewels, spread out for the holy-days in tempting array, contrasts sadly enough with the heap of smoking and blackened ruins that now cover the spot on which it stood. The loss is estimated at something over half a million. Later in the day numerous other fires occurred, but of minor importance.

The late Union demonstrations in the prin-

cipal Northern cities have awakened a hearty echo throughout this section of the South. Despite the representations of reckless politicians, who have nothing to lose, and interested capitalists who have everything to gain by Disunion, within the heart of hearts of that great mass of the people whose voice is never heard on the rostrum or in the legislative hall, but who, nevertheless, possess a will and a power that will make themselves felt in the hour of need, there is a deep-seated, abiding love for the country, and the whole country as it has been founded and preserved by sages and patriots since 76. Neither northern fanatics nor southern fire-eaters with their treasonable documents and inflammatory harangues can eradicate or stifle the Union-sentiment of the Nation. Since these late Union demonstrations a better feeling towards the North seems to be diffused among our people, and I have even heard talk of getting up a monster Union meeting here, to echo the conservative and temperate views of the northern meetings.

Considerable speculation is indulged in here with regard to the whereabouts of the ship Rebecca, chartered by the Commissioners of the famous McDonough estate to convey the manumitted slaves who formed a portion of that property, to Liberia. A rumor has gained credence that after landing the slaves at their destination in Africa, the Rebecca had sailed up the Congo River to procure a return-cargo of slaves. It is said that a large ship answering the description of the Rebecca was lately seen discharging slaves upon one of the Keys to the north of Cuba. As the Rebecca is due in our waters about this time it is not improbable that she may have been the vessel in question.—*Nous verrons.*

A telegraphic abstract of the President's message has just been received here. The views of the President in relation to Cuba and to Mexican affairs meet with general approval in this city.

It is estimated that the shipments of cotton from this port during the present season will amount to 4,000,000 bales. The sugar crop will be a light one—about 30,000 hogsheads, will be shipped.

The past week has been a rainy one, and the mud, which is *par excellence*, the distinguishing feature of New Orleans, is considerably above the average in depth and abundance.

Business is quite dull just now, this being holiday-week with the darkies on the plantations.
STYX.

RECAPITULATION FOR THE TIMES.

Arrest of Incendiaries.

Rev. Daniel Worth was arrested on the 22nd of December, by C. A. Boone, Sheriff of Guilford County—under warrant issued by John Hiatt, J. P. The prisoner was brought to Greensboro for trial, charged of having preached incendiary doctrines and having circulated incendiary publications. The State was not ready for trial, and Worth was committed to jail until the next day.

The trial was to take place at one o'clock, and before the hour arrived the Court-house was crowded—all anxious to hear what the *Reverend gentleman* had been saying and doing. The trial took place before Justices Peter Adams, Jed. H. Lindsay and John Hiatt. The prosecution announced their readiness for the investigation. The prisoner said he had no counsel—the Court told him he could have counsel if he wished it, but he preferred defending himself. The State was represented by Messrs. Scott, J. R. McLean and R. P. Dick.

The evidence showed that Worth was a native of Guilford County, that he moved to the State of Indiana some thirty years ago; that he returned to Guilford about two years ago; that he was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist church; that he had been preaching in the Counties of Guilford, Randolph, Alamance, Chatham and Montgomery; that he had, on several occasions, used incendiary language in the presence of slaves and free negroes in his harangues; that he had said the laws of North Carolina ought not to be obeyed, because they were enacted by a set of drunkards, gamblers and adulterers; that he would preach, let come what would; that on one occasion he asked his congregation if they knew Jesus Christ was to be sold at a certain time and place, and explained by saying that one of the colored sisters was to be sold at that time; that he would not have had John Brown hung for a thousand worlds; that he had circulated by giving away and selling several copies of the "Impending Crisis." He cross-examined the witnesses himself.

Having got through with the testimony—W. L. Scott opened the argument for the State, with a speech of force and ability. He was at times truly eloquent; he read extracts from the Crisis; he denounced the sentiments as they deserved; proved conclusively that they were incendiary and a slanderous compilation of falsehoods; that its tendency was to excite insurrection among slaves, and cause free negroes to become dissatisfied with their social condition.

R. P. Dick followed, portrayed the consequences which would ensue to the country by arraying one portion against the other—creating strife and enmity among ourselves; that we should be united—one people in feeling and action. His remarks were well conceived.

When Mr. Dick had concluded, Worth arose for his defense. He is a heavy built man, weighs about 250 lbs., is six feet six inches high; strong voice, expressive countenance, speaks with energy and force; is familiar with the poets; is a man who has read a great deal and is evidently a man of some ability—strong native intellect, but we think his education is limited. He set out by replying to the counsel

who had addressed the Court; he said he was for peace; opposed Brown's raid; (evidence to the contrary;) was in favor of emancipation; had preached peace to his people; he then commenced an argument to show slavery was wrong and sinful; he quoted largely from the writings of President Jefferson, the address of Judge Gaston at our University about 1832 and some others. The Court interrupted him and told him he must confine himself to his defense as charged in the warrant. Worth soon closed by saying, he had not violated any law of North Carolina, as it should be.

J. R. McLean closed the argument for the State. He said it was not our business now to enquire whether the law was right or wrong; we must administer it as we find it on our Statute books; the law under which the prisoner was arrested was enacted to prevent the defendant and all such persons from preaching among us, and circulating incendiary books upon slavery. Mr. McLean made one of his best speeches, discussed the matter before the Court calmly, yet with earnestness and zeal. As there were manifestations of violence in the crowd, he advised them to let the majesty of the law prevail. He concluded by saying he hoped the Court would bind him to our next regular Superior Court.

The Court held him to bail in two bonds, one for his appearance at Court, in \$5,000, and another in like sum to cease preaching and circulating books, &c. He gave the first, but could not give the last, in default of which he was committed to prison. The penalty for his offence in the first instance is imprisonment, not less than twelve months, flogging and whipping, at the discretion of the Court; second offence is death.

Judge Dick has issued a warrant for witnesses to appear before him on Thursday of this week in reference to the sayings and doings of Worth in the county of Randolph.

Since the arrest of Worth, Thomas Turner, Jesse H. Wheeler and Jonathan Harris, disciples of Worth, have been arrested and held in heavy bonds for their appearance at the next regular term of the Superior Court for Guilford, each charged with circulating incendiary documents. These are all the arrests that have been made.

We are sorry to see persons trying to make party capital out of this affair, for we know it cannot be done without wilfully perverting the truth.

Personal.

Hon. James J. Roosevelt, late Judge of the Supreme and Circuit Court of New York city, has accepted the appointment, by the President, of United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, vice Sedgwick, deceased. As Judge Roosevelt was strongly pressed for the French Mission, this disposes of one applicant.

The Washington Globe announces the death of the Hon. Samuel Casey, Treasurer of the United States. He died on the morning of December 22, at Caseyville, Ky., where it appears he retired in the beginning of last month on account of sickness. His age was about seventy-one years. He was a gentleman of unblemished character, and was appointed to the office of Treasurer of the United States in the early part of the administration of Gen. Pierce.

Florida papers report a series of misfortunes embarrassing the private fortune of Mrs. Murat, of Tallahassee. Her crop for the present year, as for the past, has proved a failure—this year nearly destroyed by unfavorable seasons. During the past year we regret to record, the loss by fire of a road-side inn, established by the late Col. Achille Murat, for the accommodation of the public, and which, by the charity of Mrs. Murat, was tenanted by a colony of poor afflicted German emigrants. Add to this the loss of all her mules of her plantation by the crushing in of a barn, during a severe gale, and the subsequent loss of crops, and her pecuniary embarrassment can readily be accounted for.

Eldredge P. Paige, a celebrated printer, writer and author, a native of Litchfield (Conn.) died miserably in San Francisco, Dec. 8th, 1859, at the age of forty-three.

He was the author of the "Patent Sermons" over the well known signature of "Dow Jr." More than twenty years ago, while employed in the printing-office of Messrs West & Trow, (N. Y.), he set the entire type of "Roy's Hebrew Lexicon," being a good Hebrew scholar and a thoroughly educated man. Subsequently, he started the "New York Sunday Mercury," and held a high rank among such men as Horace Greely and others of that stamp. He became comparatively wealthy; and had no small influence in literary society. The "Patent Sermons" of "Dow Jr." were collected and published in England, much to his gratification.

"But alas! every gladness is followed by sadness; And pain after pleasure each mortal must prove."

Reveries overtook Mr. Paige, and he, in preference to higher and purer sources of consolation, resorted to the bottle.

Gen. Mirabeau B. Lamar died at Richmond, Texas, on the 14th ult. He was the Bayard of the Texan struggle against the Mexican Government, and the second President of the Republic of Texas.

Judge Terry has been indicted by the Grand Jury of San Francisco county and placed under \$10,000 bond for killing Senator Broderick in a duel.

The State Treasurer of Maine, has been imprisoned for embezzlement.

The Widow's New Year.

BY ISA CLAYTON.

Solely the old had clock peals out the hour of one. Bringing to my heart the tale that another year's begun: And wildly, oh how wildly, the unbidden tears drop start As memories of the happy past come drifting to my heart: And I shut my eyes and wander back one little year to-night.

When the moonbeams fell upon the floor with the same precious light.

When a festive throng was gathered within our parlor walls.

When the sound of healthy merriment echoed through the halls.

When the merry jest went round, and the "fantastic toe" Was tripped as light and airy as in the long ago.

When many a Maiden's health was drunk from out the rosy wine.

When many a cheek and brow was flushed with the product of the vine.

When a wealth of golden flowers diffused their sweet perfume.

When music's tones were wafted out upon the evening gale.

When lovers softly whispered their fairy winsome tale.

Ah, yes, upon those scenes memory fondly lingers o'er, But what were they all to me, ay, and doubly more: Did not one mainly form, the noblest of them all, So cherished and so loved, come back at memory's call? Did not the rosy lips, that, "neath the pale star-light," Wished me "a happy new year," one year ago to-night, Reiterate the happy wish, and the same tender smile Radiate the spirit-face and my loneliness beguile?

But, alas, in spirit only does he return again: And breathlessly I listen for his firm steps in vain: The slippers that I gave him in the spring-time's bloom Lie untouched, but not unused for, in the corner of the room:

The dressing-gown he wore is suspended by the nail, Where he lastly hung it when the summer-time had failed: The fancy smoking-cap that once pressed his sunny hair Now adorns the mantel and the moonbeams gather there: And the presents that he gave me are one year ago today I must not forget to mention in this plaintive little lay: They were looks very costly, all bound in blue and gold, Which for the wealth of India would not now be sold, With my name upon the fly-leaf, inscribed by his own hand.

In an autograph as legible as it is bold and grand, And a ring upon my finger he placed one year ago to-night.

That flitted till it blends one in the fair sun-light, Ah, little did I dream that ere this year came round Memories of that dead one's presence would be found, For he was full of life, and did not think to die: Sorrow and sorrow older than one so frail as I. He has left me very lonely, still I try not to repine But cheerfully my jewel to angel hands resign.

Prize Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Partizan Chief;

OR, THE

SPECTRE OF THE SWAMP.

A Tale of South Carolina, DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

BY ROLAND M. PAGE.

CHAPTER V.

BEFORE the commencement of the war, Joe Silman, the leader of the Tory band, had resided in the neighborhood of Pine Grove, but he at length determined to secure what he could of the spoils, and became a rabid Tory. Among his class he was a man of considerable influence, and he soon became the leader of a reckless band of marauders. At first, he had been their sole commander, but a short time before our story began, he had agreed to join forces with Arthur Gordon, a reckless Tory.

On the night of his intended attack upon the rendezvous of Elliott's small company, after giving some orders to his men, he made his way alone to Pine Grove. Soon after he had stationed himself in a good position for his purposes, Ernest Elliott rode near him, in approaching the mansion. He saw the one before him, whom he most hated on earth, and it was only by considerable effort that he was willing to forego the opportunity of assassinating the young patriot leader.

Ernest passed on into the house, while Joe waited with the patience of a venomous reptile for his return; he had coolly formed the plan to murder him while leaving the mansion.—He waited until Ernest again appeared, and saw him clasp Kate's form in his arms, then it was that his anger got the better of his reason, and he fired at him.

He loved Kate Walmore, with his selfish, unprincipled love, if by that holy title we may call the base passion that reigned supreme in his guilty heart.

He hoped through the fortunes of war, to get her in his power by force, but he knew that he must first get Ernest Elliott out of the way.

After the shot, and he saw her fall, he supposed the ball had caused the death of the one for whom it was not intended, and he fled precipitately to rejoin his men.

Again will we return to Ernest and his fair charge.

She had distinguished the form of a man, levelling his rifle at them, but was so overcome as to be entirely unable to articulate a word of warning.

On hearing the report of the rifle, the whole household was aroused, and the servants rushed precipitately toward the front portion of the house, where they were met by Ernest, carrying Kate, and whose only reply to their anxious questions, was a pre-emptory order to get out of his way, for he was carrying her back to the room they had just quitted.

Mr. and Mrs. Walmore soon came out to learn the cause of the confusion, on learning it, the latter screamed, and fainted away, only adding renewed confusion to the uproar.

Mr. Walmore retained his self-possession remarkably well, and sent the servants for restoratives, while he, himself, bore his wife to a sofa, all the time suppressing the deep emotion that reigned within.

"Tell me what has happened to my daughter, speak, tell me the worst," gasped Mrs. Walmore suddenly recovering.

"Be calm my dear lady, be calm I beseech you, she is in danger I think," was the reply of Ernest, uttered in tones to allay her grief.

"I am better already," said Kate, slowly reopening her closed eyelids.

"But your wound, are you not hurt?" asked Ernest who had been looking in vain to see the crimson tide of life flow from her wound.

"I am not hurt, but you must be," said Kate, at the same time rising.

"No, I am not," replied Ernest. "Thank God, and had marksmanship, we are both unscathed."

"Oh! I am so glad, so glad," murmured the fair girl, while tears of joy began to flow.

"Twas some vile assassin who attempted the deed," said Ernest, "but if I should ever be so fortunate as to get him in reach of my arm, a swift and terrible vengeance will follow, but I see by my watch that I should have already been with my men," and after taking an affectionate leave of his friends, he mounted, and rode away.

A few minutes' hard riding brought him to the camp, where he found all in readiness, and placing himself at their head, he started off again.

Half an hour had not elapsed before the Tory Silman, followed by about forty savage-looking outthroats, entered the camp so lately occupied by Elliott's men.

They found the nest still warm, but lo! and behold! the bird had flown.

Many were their curses at being too late, but amidst the uproar of foiled brutality, their leader ordered them back to their horses, which had been left a short distance behind, and mounting, they sped rapidly away.

Silman wished to get as far as possible away from the neighborhood where he had committed so foul an act as that of which he supposed himself guilty.

He was a murderer at heart, but vile and bloody as was his nature, he felt sorry for the act he supposed himself to have committed, and wished to get as far away as hard riding would permit, in order to forget the picture, which was ever before his mind, of the white arms thrown wildly up, and down amid the clamors of warfare, and the groans of the dying, the piercing shriek that was ever ringing in his ears.

It was his evil conscience, repaying him for the sorrow, despair, suffering, and death, which always marked his coming and his going. Many were the heartstones his bloody hand had made desolate, many were the widows, and orphans, caused by his ruthless hand.

CHAPTER VI.

Two weeks had passed away, and in this time Silman had joined Arthur Gordon's band, and been with him in the many depredations he was ever committing upon the defenceless wings, in that portion of the state.

During this time, Captain Elliott rejoined the Swamp Fox, and had been with him in several skirmishes, in which the British and Tories were badly defeated.

Then, at the end of the two weeks, Ernest decided upon revisiting Pine Grove, he yearned for the companionship of the dear girl, with whom he had plighted his troth.

Numbers of men, whom British aggression forced to take up arms, rallied daily under the banner of the untiring Marion, until his forces were raised to the number of nearly two hundred. Ernest's command was by this time raised to forty or fifty, and Marion gave him the opportunity he so much desired, by ordering him again into the neighborhood, where we first found him.

After reaching the position which he intended to make his permanent camp, Ernest could no longer restrain his desire to see again the object of his affections, and leaving orders for the necessary preparations to be made, he lost no time in hastening to Pine Grove. Arrived there, what was his surprise to see his cousin, Arthur Gordon, already there, when he had supposed him many miles away. The surprise was mutual, for the darkened brow of Gordon, showed how unexpected, and unpleasant was the meeting.

The salutation between the two was cold and constrained. Arthur never disguised the hatred he bore for the one he should have considered a brother, while Ernest knew of, at the same time that he deeply deplored, his unfriendly feelings.

Mr. Walmore divided his attention as equally as possible between the two relatives, and foes, who had so unexpectedly met under his hospitable roof. Mrs. Walmore was the same kind and polite lady she ever was, while Kate conversed with each, with her usual grace.

"You are, no doubt, gentlemen," said Mr. Walmore, "very happy to have met this evening."

"I am always happy," was Ernest's reply, "to meet either relatives or friends, and doubly so after the fortunes of war prevent our meeting, for some time."

While saying this, Ernest glanced toward Kate as if she was one of those whom he was doubly happy to meet after a separation. The glance, and its import, was noticed by Arthur's quick eyes, who, however, affected not to do so, while he said,

"The fortunes of war sometimes cause us to meet those who are relatives but not friends, and whose society is so unpleasant at that time, as to cause them to withdraw as quickly as possible from such society."

"I perfectly understand you sir," replied Ernest with a flashing eye, "and as you have introduced the subject here, I must beg leave to explain."

"No explanation is needed, CAPTAIN EL-

LIOTT," said Gordon in a sarcastic tone and emphasizing the title, "my words, in themselves, were sufficiently explicit."

"They were not, and I have the right to fully explain what you have begun."

"Certainly sir, certainly, I of course will make no objection," replied Arthur.

"In one of Marion's attacks upon a large body of Tories, and Regulars, we met, he saw me, and pressed in that direction: I instantly knew his object to be a single combat. I did not wish to shed the blood of a kinsman, even if he wished for mine. I did not wish to grieve his fond mother, or render desolate the heart of his angelic sister; this would have been the result had I slain him, the opposite might have happened, but it had no effect upon my course of conduct. Accordingly when he aimed a blow at my heart, I parried it, and withdrew to another part of the conflict, for the purpose of avoiding him. I have given you the history of my conduct, and its motives, had it not been for his words you would never have heard of it from me."

"I am no ways thankful to you," replied Gordon sneeringly, "for sparing my life. I should have been infinitely better pleased, and more thankful, had you fought me like a man."

"I see, sir, that you are intent upon provoking me into a quarrel. It is entirely wrong for you to do so under the roof of a mutual friend, and in the presence of ladies."

"I am fully satisfied," sneered Arthur "of your generosity, courage, and courteousness."

"And I am fully satisfied that you are intent upon insulting me in the presence of these ladies whom you should respect more than to be guilty of such a thing."

"I do wish to provoke you into a fight," replied Gordon who had fully given up to his fierce passion.

"Then, sir," replied Ernest, whose forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, "Then sir, I promise not to avoid you again, when we meet in conflict, and I hope you will have the sense of propriety, to allow this affair to rest until a more fitting time and place."

The demon of passion that had possession of Arthur's head, was about to urge him into making some passionate reply, when Mr. Walmore begged them to desist, expressing a wish that the difficulty between them might be settled without the shedding of blood.

Arthur then saw that his violent temper had led him into a breach of etiquette, that might materially injure some of his dearest plans, and suppressing the answer which had risen to his lips, he begged the pardon of Mr. Walmore and the ladies, accepted an invitation to dine the following day and then withdrew, to brood over what had happened, and think of his plans, and prepare to carry them out.

Ernest was also asked to dine at Pine Grove the following day, this he at first declined, as being unwilling to risk the consequences which might result from his cousin's rashness but Kate persuaded him to accept it, as it would partially save her from the attention of Arthur Gordon.

It was late that night, ere he took leave of his fair betrothed, and turned his horse's head in the direction of his encampment.

The night was clear, the silver moon unclouded, and her rays falling upon all objects, like some beautiful mantle sent from above.

His thoughts naturally reverted to the fair girl he had just left, and his mind dwelt, naturally upon her pure nature, and loving heart. Then, he thought of Arthur Gordon's fierce vindictiveness, and burning hatred, and no doubt was left in his mind that he would leave no means untried, or no art unused, to work his ruin. Thinking thus, he rode on, the bridle-rein hanging untouched upon the neck of his steed, while that noble animal, ever ready to rush on in the charge, or carry his master over long and weary miles of forest, and swamp, walked slowly along as if regulating his gait to the meditative mind of the rider.

Disturb not his meditations, hush! ye winds breathe softly, he is thinking, twinkle lightly ye merry little stars, for ye are looking upon one who is thinking, thinking! and of what? list, and ye will hear.

"Oh! what pain does it cause me to be thus arrayed against my cousin, to be thus obliged to yield to his hatred, and to use these weapons, with which I had hoped to serve my country, these weapons with which I had hoped to win renown, these weapons that have proved the last of earthly things, to so many of the minions of a foreign despot, to use these against those who bear the same blood that runs in these veins, against one who is so dearly loved by his kind mother, and gentle sister, yet I have promised, and I cannot break my word."

He ceased his soliloquy, perhaps his thoughts reverted to Kate, but he spoke no more, riding on as before in perfect silence.

He had nearly reached the end of the avenue, when he was aroused to a state of consciousness, by a hand being laid on his bridle rein, and the progress of his horse checked, then he heard a deep voice say,

"Now is the time, never was there a more fitting time and place for us, dismount, and we will be through quickly, now is the time and place for which I have so long wished."

CHAPTER VII.

It needed not the aid of his eyes for Ernest to know who it was that addressed him, the words, the voice, the manner, all told him that it was his deadliest foe, all told him that a conflict was inevitable.

"Dismount!" said Arthur again, "Dismount if you are a man and a soldier."

"But," said Ernest, "the agreement was

to fight in the next battle in which we met."

"This!" exclaimed Arthur vehemently, "This shall be the battle-ground, we the contending forces, the victor he who survives, the vanquished he who is slain."

"Still, I would refrain from a conflict with you," said Elliott calmly.

"Draw and defend yourself," was Arthur's only reply in a loud tone.

"First, tell me why you seek my life?" persisted Ernest in a calm tone.

"Because I hate you, hate you with an intensity only equalled by my desire for your blood, and my hatred will never cease till one, or both, die."

"Why is it you dislike me so much?" asked Ernest in hopes of calming him.

"Because it is my nature," was his fierce reply. "Draw your sword."

"I do not wish to fight you if I can help it," Ernest calmly replied.

"Are you afraid? I always thought you brave," said he again.

"No, you know I am not afraid, you know I wish to avoid a conflict with you."

"But I wish to fight," replied Gordon excitedly. "You are a coward."

Arthur knew full well that Ernest was brave, more courageous than himself, but he called him by that most ignominious title, in order to provoke him sufficiently, to resent his excited words. It had the desired effect, for Ernest considered it no longer to be his duty to forbear, but drew his sword, and stood on the defensive.

Arthur had held his sword in his hand from the first: on seeing that his taunts had proved successful, he made a fierce lunge at his opponent, this Ernest easily parried, and then the conflict was actually commenced. The two were about equally matched in strength and skill, so that unless some unforeseen accident occurred to favor one of the parties, the conflict promised to be a long one. It was long, and thrust and parry followed each other in quick succession. It could have been seen by a disinterested observer, if such had been there, that Ernest's strokes were few and very slight, while he struck the fiery blows of his adversary with perfect ease.

On the other hand, Gordon struck with all the strength in his power, thus wearying himself in fruitless endeavors to "strike home" to the heart of his cool, and collected opponent. Thus waged the battle.

For a considerable length of time, stroke followed stroke, with various success, sometimes Gordon by his fiery passes would compel Elliott to give way for a short time, then his perfect coolness would make up the lost ground, and cause his adversary to fall back.

It had continued in this way for half an hour or more, when, by some means, Gordon gained a slight advantage, but in the fierce, unnatural joy, which followed the idea of slaying the one for whose blood he thirsted so much, he forgot his usual caution, and the next moment his sword flew from his hand, and he stood unarmed, and at the mercy of the person, at the prospect of whose death, he had exalted.

The better nature of Ernest yielded before his slight inclination for revenge.

"I would not be guilty of taking your life," said he calmly, replacing his sword as he turned to remount his horse which stood near.

Gordon took advantage of the movement, by springing aside, and regaining his weapon, then, following Ernest, he exclaimed,

"This shall be no child's play, one of us must die, I give not up to you."

Ernest noticed with disgust the conduct of Gordon, but he determined to fight him again, and he accordingly drew sword, and stood on the defensive.

Again their swords clashed, if possible, faster than before, while the highly tempered steel emitted sparks of fire at each meeting.

This time the fatality was on the side of Ernest, for through some carelessness on his part, his foot slipped and he came to the ground, just as his weapon flew from his grasp, at the mercy of him he had just spared, but he knew that it was very little mercy he could expect at his hands.

"Your life is in my power, mine was in yours but a few minutes since; you was fool enough to spare mine, but think you I will prove an equal fool? no, I would kill you did I know that God was standing ready to strike me dead at that instant. I would kill you, if hell was yawning to receive me."

"I fear not death, strike as soon as you see fit," was Ernest's calm reply.

"Yes, I will strike, but not until I have delayed your death a short time, to make your sufferings more intense. After you are dead I will marry her whom you thought to make your wife. Kate Walmore shall be mine."

"Contemptible, cowardly scoundrel, strike! I defy you to harm me, you may take my life, but still you are a black-hearted villain."

"Said you that I must strike," said the hoarse voice of Gordon, "I will, take your last view of earth, you die now."

He raised his glittering weapon on high to give the death stroke, but it paused, it did not descend, for at that instant a strong arm arrested its progress, while a familiar voice said,

"Not so fast my young buck, he ain't quite dead yet, nor won't be soon for all the harm you ken do him, he's not to be hurt by the likes of you. You're a nice lookin' objic ain't you now? wantin' to kill your own cozzin, if the likes of you is kin to him, but I don't believe he's got a drop o' sich blood as you're in him."

This harangue was delivered by Snipes, who had been passing near by and hearing the sound of clashing weapons, he drew nearer, and reached the spot in time to save the life of his beloved young commander.

While delivering this characteristic speech, Snipes had been busily engaged in securely fastening Gordon in such a manner as to render him entirely helpless.

"Release him my faithful fellow, release him," said Captain Elliott, who by this time had repossessed himself of his weapon, "untie his hands."

"Is that the way you turn prisoners loose Cap'n?" asked Snipes. "I consider him a prisoner of war, an' we ou't to take him with us."

"Do you dare to disobey my command? release him instantly."

"I beg pardon Cap'n, but I thort rather hard of lettin sich a confounded rascal loose," replied Snipes humbly, at the same time untying the cords.

"I hope sir," said Ernest to Gordon, after the latter had been released, "I sincerely hope you will rest satisfied with what has already happened, for I assure you that these quarrels between us, are a very disagreeable thing to me."

"No doubt they are sir," replied Gordon haughtily, "and for the present I shall postpone my vengeance, but it will descend eventually upon you. Captain Elliott, I wish you a pleasant evening, and you, ponderous lump of meat, who tied me so easily, I leave in hopes of meeting you soon again, when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you hanged, provided I can find a rope of strength sufficient to bear your weight," with these words, spoken in a tone of mock politeness, to conceal his anger, he mounted and rode away.

"Ponderous lump of meat!" repeated Snipes while securing Ernest's horse, "wants to see me hung does he? he ought to know that ain't the fate of gentlemen like the Cap'n an' myself, but cowardly dogs like him."

CHAPTER VIII.

LET us leave for a short time the scenes it has been our province to delineate.

To the camp of Marion, the far-famed "Partizan Chief" let us make our way.

He has retired to Snow's Island, his famous retreat, thither will we go.

Entering the camp we see upwards of a hundred men lounging about, some cleaning their arms, some sleeping, while here and there a little knot was gathered together, telling stories, or engaged in some favorite amusement.

Passing these by with a glance, we will approach a separate few, who from their dress though it is little better than that of the rest, we take to be officers.

Only one of these commands our especial notice. He was apparently verging upon fifty, rather below the medium height, with a lean and swarthy face, his countenance was pleasing, and lighted up by piercing black eyes, over which arched a high, intellectual forehead; his dress was common in the extreme, consisting of a coarse cloth jacket, and homespun pants, this completes his *tout ensemble*.

Perhaps the reader has already surmised who this person was. It was no other than General Francis Marion, the Chief among the southern Partizans.

While walking to and fro in front of the tent which served as his home while at Snow's Island; with his hands folded behind him, and an air of deep, profound meditation upon his thoughtful countenance, a man, who had just entered, approached and touched him upon the sleeve.

"Ah Martin! any news?" said he, glancing quickly up.

"Yes sir," replied the scout, "plenty of it, I've got considerable news."

"Come aside then," said Marion, who never permitted the intelligence brought by his scouts to go beyond his own ears.

This man delivered his communication to his commander, and then withdrew.

Marion said nothing to the officers, but he delivered an order to one of the men, the result of which was that the men commenced saddling, and preparing to march. When all were ready, and mounted, Marion threw himself actively into the saddle on his own fine horse, and placing himself at their head, all rode away as quietly and methodically as if governed by clock-work.

This was Marion's invariable method, whenever he heard of a body of enemies, against whom he intended to lead his command, he gave orders for preparation for the march, giving no word, look, or action, by which they might judge of his destination: as for the scouts, they, only, knew, but breathed not a word on the subject.

Therein consisted the success of this man, who left his impress so indelibly stamped upon the hearts of the American people, the man who stands second to Washington in their veneration, the man of all others, most fitted for the position he filled in that war.

His success may be attributed to the fact that he kept his plans locked in his own bosom, equally secret from his own men, as from the enemy, thus none could carry to the enemy intelligence of his next movement.

For several hours this strange mixture of the odds and ends of life, rode through the swamp, ever following in the path of their leader, when at the end of that length of time, they reached the borders of a beautiful estate.

The house could be seen, situated fully a mile off, surrounded by a beautiful, green lawn, fenced in by a thick hedge, after the fashion of the English.

But the sight, of all others, which most attracted their attention, was a large body of soldiers, encamped upon the lawn. They were evidently British or Tories, for no Rebel commander would have permitted his men to pass

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY.
THAT GREAT REMEDY.
THAT GREAT REMEDY.
THAT GREAT REMEDY.
THAT GREAT REMEDY.

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC
SANCHEZ SPECIFIC
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THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
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THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE

BEFORE THE PEOPLE
BEFORE THE PEOPLE
BEFORE THE PEOPLE
BEFORE THE PEOPLE
BEFORE THE PEOPLE

FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.

SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL

IS EASILY TAKEN.
IS EASILY TAKEN.
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IS EASILY TAKEN.

HAS NO BAD TASTE
HAS NO BAD TASTE
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WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE
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WILL EFFECT A CURE
WILL EFFECT A CURE

WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
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WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME

OR CHANGE OF DIET.
OR CHANGE OF DIET.
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OR CHANGE OF DIET.

WITH LESS TROUBLE
WITH LESS TROUBLE
WITH LESS TROUBLE
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WITH LESS TROUBLE

MORE SPEEDILY.
MORE SPEEDILY.
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MORE SPEEDILY.
MORE SPEEDILY.

AND PERMANENT
AND PERMANENT
AND PERMANENT
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AND PERMANENT

THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.

TEST ONE PACKAGE
TEST ONE PACKAGE
TEST ONE PACKAGE
TEST ONE PACKAGE
TEST ONE PACKAGE

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Planters Take Notice
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Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
Before The People
Before The People
Before The People
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
And Flux.
And Flux.
And Flux.
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It Never Fails.
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